

HENRY AND EMMA,

A NEW POETICAL

I N T E R L U D E,

ALTERED FROM

PRIOR'S NUT BROWN MAID,

WITH ADDITIONS

AND A NEW AIR AND CHORUS,

(THE MUSIC BY DR. ARNE.)

*Boate. 14.*

As Performed on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1774,

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN COVENT-GARDEN

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

MRS. HARTLEY.

L O N D O N:

Sold by T. DAVIES, in RUSSEL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN,  
and all the Booksellers in Town and Country. 1774.

[Price SIX-PENCE.]



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**I**T needs the most humble apology from the Compiler of this little Interlude, for the liberties he has taken with a Poem so universally, and justly admired. The different prunings which he judged necessary for his purpose, were as sensibly lamented by the hand that performed them, as they can possibly be by the most zealous advocate for the ingenious PRIOR. These however, with various other alterations, far from being the result of self-consequence, arose from absolute necessity, in order to give the whole an appearance, somewhat conformable to the laws of our drama. It was therefore found expedient likewise to introduce the two new, though trifling characters of VENUS and EUGENIUS; and to conclude the whole with an AIR and CHORUS, which are here tacked to the piece, with every conviction in the breast of the author for his presumption.

A transposition of some lines, an occasional addition of others, some variation of the personal pronouns, &c. were judged proper to accommodate the performers, and prepare the piece for stage representation.

Under these circumstances it is hoped that this temporary sacrifice of PRIOR will be candidly overlooked by the Public, since it was made but to assist in some measure the modest merit of MRS. HARTLEY, and to gratify no other desire in the COMPILER.

*April 13th, 1774.*

**PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.**

**HENRY** - - - **MR. SMITH.**

**EUGENIUS** - - - **MR. HULL.**

**EMMA** - - - **MRS. HARTLEY.**

**VENUS** - - - **MISS BROWN.**

**CHORUS, &c. &c.**



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# HENRY AND EMMA,

## A NEW POETICAL INTERLUDE, &c.

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### SCENE.

*A moon light view of an extensive forest.*

EUGENIUS *entering alone.*

—NIGHT silent reigns : the world in sleep  
is laid,

Save HENRY, tortur'd for his *Nut Brown Maid*.  
He, wretched slave to love's corroding fears,  
Greets solemn midnight with his manly tears ;  
And clad in false attire, with borrow'd name  
Now meets the lovely object of his flame.

B

From

From prattling infancy I train'd his mind  
 To honor's call, and virtues most refin'd.  
 Now soft repose his troubled breast forsakes,  
 Of every pang my sympathy partakes.  
 Tho' full of years I watch his sorrowing way,  
 And strive to guide him by calm reason's ray.

Led by the moon's pale lamp, thro' yonder  
 glade  
 The anxious lovers seek this beachen shade;  
 Their converse trying to fair *Emma's* heart:  
 A fiction plann'd by Love's, and *Henry's* art.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,  
 (Alternate tyrants of the human breast)  
 By one great trial he resolves to prove  
 The faith of woman, and the force of love,  
 If scanning *Emma's* virtues, he shall find,  
 That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,  
 He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure,  
 And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r.  
 But if the fair one, as he fears is frail,  
 Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail,  
 His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,  
 Resume his arms, and shine again in war.

But soft—their mournful accents speak them  
 nigh:  
 In spite of fond affection, I must fly.  
 May no curs'd dæmon o'er their mind prevail,  
 But every thought, be weigh'd in virtue's scale!

[Exit.  
 Enter

*Enter* HENRY and EMMA.

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,  
*Emma*, beyond what woman knows to feign?  
 Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove  
 With the first tumults of a real love?  
 If so, with pity view my wretched state;  
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate:  
 To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,  
 By fortune favour'd, and successful arms:  
 For lo! these hands in murder are imbru'd;  
 These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd:  
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,  
 Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to  
 rove.

EMMA.

What is true passion, if unblest it dies?  
 And where is *Emma*'s joy, if *Henry* flies?  
 If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear,  
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.  
 Oh cease then coldly to suspect my love;  
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.  
 Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;  
 Nor day, nor night shall interrupt my care:  
 Nor to hard banishment shall *Henry* run;  
 While careless *Emma* sleeps on beds of down.



View me resolv'd, where'er thou lead'st, to go;  
 Friend to thy pain and partner of thy woe;  
 Blest when my dangers and my toils have shewn,  
 That I of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

## H E N R Y .

Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way;  
 And take good heed, what men will think, and  
     say :  
 That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,  
 You to the woodland with an exile ran.  
 Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd ;  
 And virgin honour once, is always stain'd.  
 Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun ;  
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.  
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame ;  
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.

## E M M A .

Let *Emma's* hapless case be falsely told  
 By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old :  
 Let ev'ry tongue its various censure chuse,  
 Absolve with coldness, or with spight accuse,  
 Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise,  
 And malice vanquish'd heighten virtue's praise,  
 Let then thy favour but indulge my flight ;  
 O let my presence make thy travels light.

## H E N R Y



H E N R Y.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the  
bow ?

With active force repel the sturdy foe ?

When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh ;

And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly ;

Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay ;

Perform thy part and share the dang'rous day ?

E M M A.

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,

And share each danger fearless by thy side.

Tho' my inferior strength may not allow,

That I should bear, or draw the warrior bow,

With ready hand I will the shaft supply ;

And joy to see thy victor arrows fly :

Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,

Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it !) should'st  
thou bleed ;

To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear ;

Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my  
hair.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou tender maid, canst thou sustain  
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain ?

When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,

Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood ;

And

And find amongst the cliffs no other house,  
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs ;  
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye  
Around the dreary waste, and weeping try,  
(Tho' then, alas ! that trial be too late)  
To find thy father's hospitable gate,  
That gate, whence long excluded thou must  
mourn ;  
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return ?

EMMA.

Did I but purpose to embark with thee,  
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,  
While gentle *Zephyrs* play in prosp'rous gales,  
And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;  
But would forsake the ship, and make the shoar,  
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?  
No, *Henry*, no: One sacred oath has ty'd  
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide.

HENRY.

But e're thou goest, unhappy'st of thy kind,  
Thy sex and habit thou must leave behind :  
No longer shall thy comely tresses break  
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck ;  
But with a bolder stride, and looser air,  
Mingl'd with men, a man thou must appear.  
Vagrants and out-laws shall offend thy view ;  
(For such must be my friends) a hideous crew !  
With

With such must *Emma* hunt the tedious day ;  
 Assist their violence, divide their prey :  
 With such she must return at setting light ;  
 Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.

Now, *Emma*, now the last reflection make,  
 What thou would'st follow, what thou must  
 forsake :

EMMA.

O Grief of heart ; that our unhappy fates  
 Force thee to suffer, what thy honour hates :  
 Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run  
 Too near the paths, which virtue bids thee  
 shun :

Yet with her *Henry* still let *Emma* go ;  
 With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :  
 And sure my little heart can never err,  
 Amidst the worst, if *Henry* still be there.

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind !  
 Name, habit, parents, woman left behind ;  
 Ev'n honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go  
 Wild to the woods with me ; said *Emma* so ?  
 Or did I dream what *Emma* never said ?  
 O guilty error ! and oh wretched maid !

Whose



Whose roving fancy would resolve the same  
 With him, who next should tempt her easy  
 fame.

## E M M A.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and  
 swords ;

That *Emma* thus must die by *Henry's* words ?  
 Yet what could swords, or poison, racks or  
 flame

But mangle, and disjoint this brittle frame ?  
 More fatal *Henry's* words ; they murder  
*Emma's* fame.

Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart  
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part ?  
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,  
 Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell ?  
 And hast thou, *Henry*, in my conduct known  
 One fault, but that which I must ever own  
 That I, of all mankind have lov'd but thee  
 alone ?

## H E N R Y.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone ;  
 Each man is man, and all the sex is one.  
 Nor in love's ritual can we ever find  
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind.



Be wise, and false ; shun trouble, seek delight ;  
Change thou the first ; nor wait thy lovers  
flight.

Why shouldst thou weep ? let Nature judge  
our case :

I saw thee young, and fair : pursu'd the chase  
Of youth, and beauty ; I another saw  
Fairer, and younger ; yielding to the law  
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursu'd  
More youth, more beauty : blest vicissitude !

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful  
charms,  
With present power compels me to her arms.  
And years may roll e'er, in her turn, the maid  
Shall weep the ardor of my love decay'd :

E M M A.

Are we in life thro' one great error led ?  
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd ?  
Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?  
Am I of mine the most compleatly curst ?  
Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,  
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,  
This happy object of our diff'rent care,

C

Her

Her let me follow ; her let me attend,  
A servant : (She may scorn the name of friend)

Yet when encreasing grief brings slow disease ;  
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these  
Will have its little lamp no longer fed ;  
When *Henry's* mistress shows him *Emma* dead,  
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect,  
With virgin honours let my herse be deck'd ;  
Oh let my *Henry* then at least persuade  
This happy nymph, that *Emma* may be laid,  
Where thou, dear author of my death, where  
she,  
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.  
See the sad fate which she may one day prove,  
Who hopes from *Henry's* vows eternal love.

#### H E N R Y.

Hear, solmn *Jove* ! and conscous *Venus* hear !  
And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilst I  
swear ;  
No time, no change, no future flame shall  
move  
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love :  
O powerful virtue ! O victorious fair !  
At least excuse a trial too severe ;

No

No banish'd man condemn'd in woods to rove  
 Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love :  
 In me behold the potent *Edgar's* heir  
 Belov'd in peace, and terrible in war :  
 Crown of my love, and honour of my youth,  
*Henry*, thy *Henry* with eternal truth,  
 As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,  
 And sound his glory in his *Emma's* joy.

Musick and song shall wake the marriage-  
                   day ;  
 And while the priests accuse the brides delay ;  
 Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Hence then for ever from my *Emma's* breast  
 (That heav'n of softness, and that seat of rest)  
 Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move  
 Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love !

E M M A.

O Day the fairest sure that ever rose !  
 Period and end of anxious *Emma's* woes ;  
 Sire of her joy, and source of her delight ;  
 Now wing'd with pleasure take thy happy  
                   flight ;  
 Yet tell thy vot'ry, potent queen of love,  
*Henry*, my *Henry*, will he never rove ?

Will



Will he be ever kind, and just, and good ?  
 And is there yet no mistress in the wood ?  
 None, none there is : the thought was rash and  
     vain ;  
 A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.  
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,  
 And anxious jealousy's corroding smart ;  
 Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,  
 But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care !  
 But hark !——

H E N R Y .

What sounds harmonious strike the ravish'd ear !

[SCENE

[SCENE shifting VENUS is discovered  
alighting from her Car.]

RECITATIVE, ACCOMPANIED.

VENUS.

[HENRY and EMMA kneeling.]

Descending from my sacred Paphian bow'r  
Far hence I've chac'd suspicion and her train.  
Hail happy pair ! extatic bliss pursue,  
And reap the harvest of your well try'd love.

\* A I R, *Miss* BROWN.

To HENRY.

Now thy trophies grac'd with beauty,  
HENRY's valor is repaid,  
Love, and honor be thy duty,  
Guardian of the *Nut brown Maid*.

To E M M A.

Tho' our slaves when most obeying  
Are but captives of the mind,  
EMMA, beauty's sceptre swaying,  
Will a constant empire find.

\* These two stanzas are omitted to shorten the representation.

To

**A I R. V E N U S.**

**To B O T H.**

Love's bondage shall charm ye,  
No tumults alarm ye,  
If anxious you fan the dear fire ;  
The flame once neglected,  
Its rays back reflected,  
By Time's icy fingers expire.

**C H O R U S.**

Hark the spheres with rapture swelling,  
Ratify their vows above !  
Fame with ready trumpet telling,  
HENRY's honor !—EMMA's love !

**4. AP 54**

**T H E E N D.**



